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POEMS

ON

VARIOUS SUBJECTS.

By ANN MURRAY

AUTHOR of MENTORIA.

LONDON.

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THE following Poems appearing in Print through the liberality of the Public, the Author deems it her indispensable duty to return her most grateful thanks to every individual who has contributed to their appearance. It may be proper to observe, that some of the Pieces being personal or local, can be interesting to those only who are acquainted with particular circumstances and situations. The greater part are on general subjects, and were designed by the writer to describe the advantages resulting from rectitude of manners; to impress on others the conviction produced in her own heart of the instability of human happiness; and to direct the mind to what ought to be the chief object of its attention, the hope of attaining a state, "where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest."

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E R R A T A.

Page 17, Line 5, for <i>under</i> read <i>tender.</i>	
17, 12, <i>combats</i>	<i>combat'st</i>
24, 6, <i>thy</i>	<i>the</i>
30, 7, <i>fixed</i>	<i>fix'd</i>
37, 3, <i>thoughts</i>	<i>thought</i>
40, 3, <i>every</i>	<i>ev'ry</i>
63, 5, <i>the</i>	<i>tho'</i>
66, 2, <i>th' off'ring</i>	<i>the off'ring</i>
87, 7, <i>a</i>	<i>an</i>
88, 7, <i>extravagance</i>	<i>extravagance.</i>

P O E M S, &c.

T O T H E

S U P R E M E B E I N G.

THOU Pow'r Omnipotent, supremely just ;
Parent of Nature, never failing trust !
Incline thine ear, and graciously impart,
Thy holy dictates to direct my heart :
Enlighten'd by the rays of holy writ,
Implicit I obey, and meek submit ;
From clear conviction, that thy wise decrees,
Are ministers of good and future ease.
Thy providential care supplies our need ;
What Pow'r but thee, could form, protect, and feed ?
Diffusive blessings, Virtue, Peace, and Health,
Are far superior to superfluous wealth :

B

Wealth,

Wealth, which vain mortals seek, to shun disgrace,
Ascrib'd to Poverty's neglected race. H Q T
Creator infinite! thy works proclaim,
In gratulations high, thy glorious Name!
The Sun's bright orb, and Moon's reflected light,
And Planetary system charm the sight:
The feather'd choir, in sweet harmonic lays,
Join in full chorus to resound thy praise: I Q U A
Each Beast, and Insect, all that breathe or move,
Excite our wonder, and the Godhead prove. I Q U T
The various Elements, and glowing Mine,
With Vegetation fair, are gifts divine.
The Seasons as they change, with grace appear,
And form the beauties of the solar year.
Eternal Source! these blessings I explore,
Thy love paternal, zealously adore;
Inspire my heart with gratitude sincere,
Perfect obedience, reverential fear!
Can Man, thy last and noblest work, refuse
The tribute of applause, thy gifts abuse?

Endow'd

Endow'd with pow'rs to fit him for the skies,
 Tho' mortal in his nature, form'd to rise ;
 But yet deprav'd, degen'rate, weak, and vain,
 Prone to transgress, and rectitude disdain ;
 He needs correction, and provokes thine ire,
 Then wishes to escape the vengeful fire ;
 Mistakes the means, nor sees th'important end,
 Embraces foes, and spurns his faithful friend.
 Fetter'd by Sin, of Innocence bereft,
 What hope of pardon, could he then have left ?
 Yet thou in mercy, and transcendent love,
 Sent his Redeemer from the realms above.
 Lord, what is Man, that thou in pity gave,
 Thy only Son, his forfeit soul to save !
 All Die in Adam, yet in Christ all Live ;
 And for his sake, our flagrant sins forgive !
 Accept his ransom, to redeem our loss,
 His precepts we revere, and bear his cross ;
 In him alone we trust to plead our cause,
 As vile transgressors of thy sacred laws !

Father of Light! Jehovah! Holy King!
 To whom th' angelic host enraptur'd sing,
 To thy Omnipotence, let incense rise,
 From Earth thy footstool, to thy Throne the Skies!

ODE TO CONTENTMENT.

HAIL, sweet Contentment, calm Repose!
 The balm of comfort shed,
 Oh! let me not complain of woes,
 By thy kind guidance led!
 To thee Compassion is allied,
 Revengeful hope unknown;
 As thou a stranger art to Pride,
 From thee is Discord flown,

The'

Tho' plain and humble be my lot,
 Yet grant me strength of mind ;
 So shall I find, tho' in a Cot,
 Pleasures the most refin'd.

With pity shall behold the great,
 While no rude cares molest ;
 Nor fond desire for useless state,
 Disturb my tranquil breast.

In silent glen, in hollow cave,
 And Hermit's lonely cell,
 Where winding streams delight to lave,
 Reflection deigns to dwell.

Far from the bustling scenes of Life,
 I wish in peace to rest ;
 Remov'd from vanity and strife,
 In calm retirement blest.

To me in gorgon terrors clad,
 Appear the rash and bold ;
 The vain, the wealthy, and the bad,
 Who thirst for nought but gold.

With horror such delights behold,
 As deck the festive scene ;
 Tho' young, am prematurely old,
 Collected, grave, serene.

To thee, Contentment, thus I bend,
 With meek and humble heart ;
 In pity to my pray'r attend,
 And lend thy soothing art !

TO LADY CHARLOTTE FINCH.

ACCEPT thy portrait from a grateful Muse !
The striking likeness, graciously peruse ;
In every trait, the true resemblance find,
Of those bright virtues which adorn thy mind :
Inspir'd with grace, the vivid colours glow
With strong expression, from the source they flow.
Nature to thee, beneficent and kind,
Gave thee a heart, to rectitude inclin'd ;
With due refinement, and exalted worth,
Implanted graces suited to thy birth ;
Nobly descended, yet averse to pride ;
Reason thy monitor, and constant guide ;
Form'd to instruct, in ev'ry art well taught,
Thy life a lesson, with improvement fraught.
In times like these, alas ! but few we find,
Endued with talents to expand the mind :

'Tis

Tis not enough to sow Celestial seeds,
The task as needful to destroy fell weeds ;
'Tis not enough to cultivate fair flow'rs,
And deck the mind like Flora's fading bow'rs,
Virtue requires the more substantial fruit,
Which as essential should take deepest root.
The moderns think not thus ; their whole desire,
To gain the ornaments that Fools admire :
External shew, the badge which Folly wears,
Is hence transmitted to her num'rous heirs.
Lux'ry and Vice, in friendly bands allied,
With their concomitants, Revenge and Pride,
Would find their efforts vain to wound our peace,
If lukewarm teachers did their zeal encrease ;
Direct the minds entrusted to their charge,
To views exalted, which the Soul enlarge.
Will not the human heart impressions gain,
And long, like wax, those images retain ?
Which proves th' importance to extend the plan
Beyond the limits of an earthly span.

If

If gentle manners, blended with fair truth,
Are requisite to form the minds of youth ;
If sense superior, join'd with modest grace,
Should shine distinguish'd in the royal race ;
'Tis thine to execute the great design,
And pour instruction on th' illustrious line.
Oh may the Plants, rear'd by thy fost'ring care,
Yield strongest evidence, thy worth declare :
In them reflected, may thy Virtue's shine,
THEIRS the advantage, but the honour **THINE** !

The following Poem is designed to express the sanguine
hopes of a Person launching into Life; to which are
opposed the different sentiments occasioned by long
intercourse with the World; exemplified in the
characters of

D A M O N A N D T H Y R S I S.

BY JAMES THOMAS. ILLUSTRATED BY J. B. BOYD.

T H Y R S I S.

BEHOLD, my Damon, this enchanting scene,
The Sun resplendent, and the Sky serene!
Why then art thou so pensive, when thy state
Is crown'd with blessings, which content create?
Why dost thou mourn, when happiness is near?
And why, when safe, art thou oppress'd with fear?
Be thou elated, nor reject the joy,
Which time will lessen, or perhaps destroy!

Oh

Oh! deign to listen to my Delia's praise,
 Pour'd forth by me in unaffected lays.
 In Delia's form unspotted grace we find;
 Her beauteous face the index of her mind,
 Proclaims whate'er of excellence is known,
 Which in her charms immaculate are shown.
 When bright Aurora's beams their pow'r display,
 Sweet harbinger of light, and dawning day,
 My Delia watchful eyes her fleecy care,
 Which, like herself, are innocent and fair.
 Ah, happy flock, I envy ye your guide:
 Grant me the joy, or yet at least divide!

D A M O N.

Averse to disputation, I disclaim
 The force of weak and unavailing fame;
 Yet true to friendship, will maintain the part,
 Which reason should preserve in ev'ry heart.
 Oh! let me warn thee with attentive care,
 Of the fell danger, which creates despair;

Yet seldom seen or felt, 'till 'tis too late,
 To shun the danger, or avert the fate.
 My Phillida appear'd the fairest Maid,
 But by her fallacy my peace betray'd;
 Others there are I fear of equal art,
 Who have the pow'r to please, yet wound the heart.
 Still love thy Delia; but yet bear in mind,
 She may possess the frailties of her kind:
 Ascribe not then to her a pow'r divine,
 Her origin and birth, the same as thine!

T H Y R S I S.

Not e'en thy eloquence can clearly prove,
 That sorrow will attend on constant love:
 If Delia would but deign to smile on me,
 From its dominion, I should then be free.
 Ye painted meadows, and ye murmur'ring rills!
 Ye gentle zephyrs, and ye lofty hills!
 Without my Delia ye no pleasures give,
 For 'tis in her, superior beauties live.

The

The flow'rs of Eden bloom in Delia's mind,
 With moral rectitude, and grace combin'd ;
 The grave Philosopher must feel her dart,
 And e'en my Damon fortify his heart ;
 Or yield himself a victim to her pow'r,
 Tho' far retir'd in Wisdom's sacred bow'r !

D A M O N.

A second love ! my soul abhors the name,
 Vile prostitution of the sacred flame !
 Alien to Love, I trace th' historic page,
 Review the past, and read the present age.
 In Nature's works, what lessons we are taught,
 Which seem superior to our finite thought :
 The more we read, the more our feelings glow
 To seek the cause from whence such blessings flow.

T H Y R S I S.

2121 But thou, my Damon, art advanc'd in years,
 Far in the vale of life, joy disappears..

The

The young advent'rer in the busy scene,
 Expects his blossoms to be ever green;
 Yet by experience, finds them soon decay,
 And bloom and wither in a transient day.
 Tho' some are false, must we conclude from thence,
 That none are faithful, but in vain pretence ?
 Let's hope in charity to human kind,
 Many there are, immaculate in mind,
 The flatt'ring hopes our present views dispense,
 Consist in Love, Benevolence, and Sense.

D A M O N.

Alas, my Thrysis, short and vain's the date,
 Of human happiness, prescrib'd by Fate ;
 Our views are boundless, circumscrib'd our gains ;
 By Hope we are elated, scourg'd by pains :
 Life is the passage, and the troubled sea,
 Which leads us to the Port, where all is free.

THYRSIS.

T H Y R S I S.

Ah ! where is Virtue, where is merit found ?
Say, Happiness, art thou an empty sound ?

D A M O N.

Hope leads us on, thro' Life's progressive stage;
Our trust in youth, maturity, and age ;
In present evils, points to future joy,
And guides us to pursuits, which ne'er can cloy.
Abstracted from the World, the scene appears.
A Chaos of distracting hopes, and fears ;
Each object seems perverted from its end,
Inclin'd beneath its cares to tamely bend.
Yielding to follies, Reason must oppose ;
Impatient when oppress'd by poignant woes ;
Averse to chastisements, design'd by God,
But sorely lash'd by Folly's galling rod.

From these pursuits, my Thirstis be thou free,
 Warn'd by th' experience dearly bought by me:
 Let all thy actions speak a faithful heart,
 An useful lesson to the World impart:
 Let universal Love, and Peace prevail,
 And holy confidence, which ne'er can fail.

O D E.

THE Garden's sweet, luxuriant grace,
 Proclaims our Maker's pow'r;
 His Wisdom we can clearly trace
 In ev'ry Herb and Flow'r.
 The modest Lily, fragrant Rose,
 And Plants of varied dye;
 Our frail mortality disclose
 To each observing eye.

In

In these, vain man, behold thy state,
 The pride of Life survey;
 See the sad image of thy fate,
 To bloom, and then decay.

In Spring thy under blossoms shoot,
 In Summer gain their height;
 Unless the branches, and the root,
 Receive a fatal blight.

Or should'st thou reach Autumnal prime
 In Reason's strength mature,
 Old Age, the Winter of thy time,
 Thy exit will ensure.

Yet what avails the awful gloom,
 Which fun'ral rites display?
 We rise triumphant from the Tomb,
 To scenes of endless day.

Why then art thou, so fond of Life?

Why so averse to death?

We vanquish misery and strife,

When we resign our breath.

Virtue alone resists the pow'r,

And foils the pointed dart;

She triumphs in the mortal hour,

Rejoic'd from Life to part;

In conq'ring Death, defies the Grave,

An happier state explores;

Seeks the Redeemer, who can save,

And God, whom she adores.

AN ESSAY ON PRIDE.

“PRIDE was not made for Man,” a maxim sage!
 No more was malice, insolence, or rage.
 Humility best suits his fallen state,
 And all the virtues, which on her await.
 Meekness, complacency, good sense refin’d,
 Adorn and elevate the human mind.
 Say, mighty boaster! what is thy pretence?
 Superior birth? religion? Rerling sense?
 Of beauty art thou vain? of wealth? or pow’r?
 Alas! they prove but pageants of an hour.
 If of the Christian’s faith thou bear’st the form,
 And combats with affliction’s beating storm;
 How inconsistent with our Saviour’s word
 Is human Pride? presumptuous and absurd!
 How oft a glitt’ring star adorns the breast,
 Which guilty horrors have depriv’d of rest;

Hereditary honours too are found,
 No mark of worth, but an unmeaning sound,
 Bestow'd on merit to exalt the race;
 A Father's glory. Sons too oft efface.
 What revolutions, wealth, and greatness feel,
 By the vicissitudes of Fortune's wheel !
 Some like the Sun resplendent seem to rise,
 Yet sudden set, and vanish from our eyes.
 As ever changing is this fleeting state,
 Where those who lowest seem'd, are high and great.
 How oft the affluent robb'd of plenty's store,
 Are clothed in rags, who gayest trappings wore !
 From hence vain Man, correct and know thyself;
 Learn the true estimate of pow'r or pelf;
 Disdain vain Pride, as thy invet'rate foe,
 From which great evils, in succession flow.
 Hence miscreant Pride ! whate'er thy vain disguise,
 In semblance of the great, the rich, or wise;
 Tho' cloth'd in purple, or in royal vest,
 To truth and virtue, thou dost stand confest.

A Christian's

A Christian's lively faith subverts the plan,
Which thou hast form'd to operate on Man ;
From thy allurements let us strive from hence,
To guard our hearts with godlike innocence ;
Preserve a Conscience to transmit repose,
And teach submission, when oppress'd with woes ;
When thou, fell Pride ! and all thy servile train,
Shall be consign'd to everlasting pain,
From thy dominion, may I e'er be free,
In ev'ry form, resemblance, and degree ;
Contemn thy pow'r, and ever in my mind,
Of all thy dictates, just abhorrence find !

A N E L E G Y.

AH whither art thou fled, companion dear?
To what sequester'd vale dost bend thy way?
Will the deep sigh, or Friendship's pearly tear,
Excite thy pity, or protract thy stay?

These artless lays imperfectly express
The tender bodings of an heart sincere;
But ill can paint the feelings of distress,
Or speak the anguish of awaken'd fear.

In search of Happiness, say, dost thou roam,
And distant realms in quest of Peace explore?
Alas my friend! she is but found at home,
Our mind's the mansions of her boundless store.

Or

Or dost thou take a wild excursive flight,
 On pleasure's airy wings extend thy way?
 Delusive are her charms of false delight,
 No longer then in her dominion stay.

Return to Reason's ever-blooming bow'rs,
 And consecrate to God the hours of prime;
 Exert thy faculties, and mental pow'rs,
 Whose limits far exceed the bounds of Time.

With gentle Pity let thy mind o'erflow,
 In universal love to human kind;
 Thy bosom once inclin'd to melt, and glow,
 Will feel the transports of an heart refin'd.

Contemn the dictates of malignant Pride,
 Seek the great blessing of salubrious health;
 Let restless care and vanity subside,
 And shun the evils which attend on wealth.

Let

Let emulous Ambition fire thy breast,
And filial duty be thy constant care;
May firm integrity remain thy guest,
To free thee from the pangs of fell despair.

Converted from the path which leads frail youth
Far from the precincts of thy holy way,
Alone be guided by the word of truth,
Which will conduct thee to the realms of Day.

AN INVOCATION TO SLEEP.

WRITTEN IN SICKNESS.

IN vain, sweet Sleep ! I supplicate thine aid,
Image of Death, in mildest form array'd ;
Oh ! grant thy healing grace and soothing pow'r,
May balmy blessings on my senses show'r.
Rack'd on the Wheel of Fancy, Reason dies,
And Hope, suspended, seems a dubious prize.
But art thou still inflexible, severe,
Deaf to complaint, and blind to Virtue's tear ?
Oh ! deign to strengthen, and in quiet keep,
My various faculties, sweet gentle Sleep ;
That not exhausted, but refresh'd they prove,
To thee their gratitude, and ardent love ;

E

By

By thee enabled, trials to sustain,
And e'en support depressions weighty chain.
Shadow of things to come, fair temp'ral peace,
Earnest of bliss, and joys which ne'er can cease,
Reflection's friend, the nurse of calm delight,
Still with thy presence bless my weary fight.
Renew thy early gifts, nor yet refuse,
This invocation, from an humble Muse ;
To pleaded reason, lend a gracious ear,
So shalt thou soon her loudest plaudits hear !

To Miss W E S T.

SUPPOSE me free from pining care,
 With head, and heart, quite debonnaire ;
 Or riding in a Vis-á-Vis,
 Discourfing with a Belle Esprit ;
 Or walking in St. James's Park,
 With some gay meteor of a spark,
 Who talks of what he does not know ;
 A mixture of conceit and show ;
 Or wielding of the Critic's rod,
 Dispensing favours with a nod ;
 Or grown, perhaps, an amoroſo,
 A Dulcinea del Toboso ;
 Or deep immers'd in pains and study,
 Tho' I am ſtill ſo thick and muddy ;
 Grant that this viſion were moſt true,
 In ev'ry ſtate the ſame to you.

Tho' doom'd thro' various scenes to range,
My love to thee will never change.
Apollo should inspire my lyre,
And raise my notes a little high'r,
To sing thy praise ; his own bright choice,
Who hail'd thee with approving voice ;
Bade thee preside beneath the sky,
A paragon of harmony ;
The St. Cecilia of our isle,
On whom the Loves, and Graces smile.
Take this Mélange, nor sharp, or sweet,
Would for thy taste it were more meet ;
High season'd with true attic salt,
For insipidity's a fault
Which sense and learning cannot bear ;
Tho' I confess my bill of fare.
Nor can I interlard with wit,
Or offer one delicious bit.
Friendship, like hunger, will excuse
The frailties of the Cook, or Muse ;

Receive

Receive an Essay, or a Meal,
With grace from those who love reveal.
On this I trust, and truly wish,
You to receive my homely Dish ;
Which plac'd upon your friendly board,
With ease and plenty ever stor'd,
Will there its due acceptance find,
As thou art to my failings blind.
It is alas ! a strange compound
Of incongruity and sound ;
Yet sure in this we must agree,
'Tis an Epitome — of me.

REFLECTIONS ON LIFE,

And the Expectations of a Future State.

THE storms and tempests, bursting o'er my head,
 O'erwhelm my heart with diffidence and dread.
 Where will my sorrows end? when cease for ever?
 Not 'till from Earth, and all its cares I sever;
 Not till I reach the happiness design'd,
 For future ages, holy, unconfin'd.
 Oh glorious expectation, fixed as fate,
 Let thy bright prospect ev'ry grief abate!
 In those blest mansions sorrows ne'er invade,
 The joys eternal, which can never fade.
 There calm content succeeds corroding fear,
 From ev'ry cheek is wip'd the pearly tear.
 What is this state of pageantry below?
 A golden toy, compos'd of outward show.

What

What are the Puppets, busy on the stage
 Of Life's vast Theatre, from age to age?
 How ill too oft they act their diff'rent parts,
 And fall and rise, by despicable arts.
 Those who have talents, oft pervert their end,
 By proving traitors to their bosom friend;
 Actions excentric are the faults assign'd
 To minds exalted, and of taste refin'd,
 O'erleap the bounds prescrib'd by common sense,
 Whose cautious precepts prove a weak defence;
 Their dazzling qualities obscure the fight
 Of meaner optics by superior light.
 What human Eye can bear the Sun's bright rays?
 Or on its glory with attention gaze?
 Yet it can view the Moon's less radiant beams;
 Most things are better in their least extremes.
 The proud Philosopher, I hear exclaim,
 " What, no regard for Wisdom, and for Fame?
 " For Science, which can search great Nature's laws,
 " Trace the effect, to the efficient Cause ?

" Can

“ Can depth of learning be by aught outdone?

“ Dost thou prefer pale Cynthia to the Sun?”

Peace, my good friend ! I all distinctions hate,

Which scientific boasters vain create.

May I to sterling worth be never blind,

Tho' cloth'd in rags, and wholly unrefin'd.

Wheree'er I find, a spark divine exprest'd,

With glowing ardour in the human breast,

There will I rest the anchor of my hope,

T' enjoy fair friendship in its greatest scope.

The great Creator wisely does dispense,

To all his Creatures different kinds of sense ;

To some he ministers the gifts to please,

And pass through life with unaffected ease ;

On others kindly pours the skill profound

The darkest myst'ries clearly to expound ;

Yet all are equal objects of his care ;

Each individual the undoubted heir,

Of future bliss, prepar'd with mighty love,

For all the righteous in the realms above.

Oh

Oh ! state best suited to th'immortal soul,
 Eternal hope, and everlasting goal !
 Where is thy vict'ry, Grave ? Oh Death, thy sting ?
 The soul defies thee, by her eagle wing ;
 In hope of pardon, seeks her native skies,
 Thro' Christ's redemption, gloriously to rise.

To M r s. W E S T.

THEY worth intrinsic much I wish to sing,
 But newly fledg'd, I soar with trembling wing ;
 The subject lofty, and of Eagle's height,
 I but a Sparrow must forego the flight.
 Yet I essay thy merits to rehearse,
 In simple, plain, and unaffected verse.
 Poets and Painters have affirmed for truth,
 That blooming beauty is confin'd to youth :

F

Thou

Thou an exception : in whose pleasing face,
We all the milder qualities can trace ;
Which on a nearer view, with joy we find,
Pourtray'd resplendent in thy tender mind.
Maternal duties have engag'd thy care,
Thy children love thee with affection rare ;
To their improvement thou didst close attend,
Join'd the fond mother to the cheerful friend.
By thee the seeds of knowledge early sown,
Yield a rich harvest, most luxuriant blown.
Sincere in Friendship, constant in thy Love,
Wise as a Serpent, harmless as a Dove.
Oh ! Happiness ! celestial gift, attend,
Bless with thy smiles, my ever-valu'd friend !
On Earth thou'rt found a wild delusive scheme,
An empty vapour, or a golden dream ;
Yet shed thy better gifts, transmit a ray,
To cheer and warm the ev'ning of her day !

A N O D E.

BENEATH a Willow's mournful shade,
 Fair Ariadne lay;
 A chearless, solitary maid,
 Tho' once content and gay.

In tender accents thus I spoke,
 To ease her lab'ring breast:
 Dost thou complain of promise broke?
 Art thou by want oppress'd?

Can I thy wounded heart relieve,
 By pity's healing balm?
 Or if some faithless youth deceive,
 Thy perturbations calm?

“ Ah no” (she said) “ hard is my fate,
“ From lovely Theseus torn ;
“ Thy consolation comes too late,
“ His absence thus I mourn.

“ The beams I shun of chearing day,
“ To Luna hence complain ;
“ Like Philomel in mournful lay,
“ Pour forth my plaintive strain.

“ Remembrance sad, of former joys,
“ Is ever in my sight ;
“ The cruel Phantom which destroys
“ My peace both day and night.

“ Thus am I plung’d in fell despair,
“ As Love my anguish mocks ;
“ With sighs I rend the fragrant air,
“ Implore unpitying rocks.”

In me her lamentations wrought
 Emotions of desire,
 To kindle in her ruffled thoughts,
 Sparks of celestial fire.

Cease, lovely mourner ! then I cry'd,
 To yield to cank'ring woe ;
 Let slighted love, and fear subside,
 And sorrow cease to flow.

* Ingratitude in Men we find,
 By various forms express'd ;
 Unlike the constant ray refin'd,
 Which warms the female breast.

Impetuous, and inclin'd to change,
 They bear a lawless sway ;
 From flow'r to flow'r delight to range,
 And flatter to betray.

Forbear

Forbear to struggle with thy fate,
 Opposing Heav'n's decrees ;
 Which grants things suited to thy fate,
 Pertaining to thy ease.

of comfort
 Yet oft denies the Lover's pray'r,
 And vain mistaken boon ;
 Regards their sighs as empty air,
 If heard, repented soon.

Love, the invader of thy peace,
 Subdued by Reason's pow'r,
 Shall feel his daring influence cease,
 Nor cloud thy future hour.

Serenity shall grace thy brows,
 With Friendship's sacred band ;
 To her then offer up thy vows,
 And yield thy willing hand.

Be

Be thou the messenger of peace,
Dispensing holy joy ;
Rely on hopes which ne'er can cease,
Nor mortal Man destroy.

Depend on him, whose pow'r alone,
Can give substantial rest ;
Aspire to reach his heav'nly throne,
A meek and welcome guest..

The following lines were written, just at the period the Encampments were formed, and other warlike preparations made for the defence of the Nation, which suggested to the Author the Reflections contained in this Poem on the Omnipotence of God, deduced from the Scriptures; but more particularly applied as a means of consolation, in the present alarming state of public affairs.

AH why my Soul, art thou absorb'd in pain?
 Why art thou found disquieted in vain?
 Dispel thy fears, let every doubt subside,
 Acquaint thyself with God, in him confide.
 Frail Man, of Woman born, is heir to woe;
 From various sources his afflictions flow:
 As sparks ascending bear to heav'n their course,
 So sorrow triumphs with resistless force.
 On Earth, what being is exempt from pain?
 Awake, then, oh my Soul! no more complain.

Art thou not blest with bright Reflection's aid?
Is not thy Maker's love with grace display'd?
On thee his sacred image is impress'd,
In characters divine, celestial guest.
Tho' ills, impending, threaten and alarm,
God can avert them, with his pow'rful arm;
Tho' wars and battles seem e'en now at hand,
'Tis he alone who can protect our land,
Avenge our cause, and prove our just defence,
By his invincible Omnipotence.
In times of exigence, we all implore
His needful help, his Majesty adore;
Yet, when secure in Peace we seem to rest,
Are we obedient to his wise behest?
When sick, we ask his health-restoring aid,
The purpose gain'd, is adoration paid?
Are we not told to watch and constant pray,
Unknown the hour, and great avenging day?
When loud the Trump shall sound, our Judge appear,
Array'd in majesty, dispensing fear.

The Sun and Planets from their orbits fall,
 And hence annihilate this Earthly Ball ;
 Departed Souls, and those who dwell on earth,
 Shall rise triumphant in the gen'ral birth.
 The lowly here, will there acceptance find,
 Receive due recompence, and peace of mind ;
 This awful season shall each heart disclose,
 Proclaim true rectitude, and seal our woes ;
 Expose Duplicity's insidious art,
 And shew the Traitor's vile malignant part.
 Hence live in earnest hope, not servile fear,
 At this tribunal soon or late t' appear ;
 Thy deeds at best imperfect, frail, and weak,
 Suggest some aid, and sov'reign pow'r to seek :
 This help afforded, in the hour of need ;
 Call on thy Saviour, for by him thou'rt freed.
 With due submission wear his easy yoke,
 That thou may'st hear these joyful tidings spoke ;
 " Well done, thou faithful servant, be my guest,
 " Partake thy master's joy, and holy rest ! "

THE CARD PARTY,

A TOWN ECLOGUE.

LADY TRIFLE.

BLESS me, what Cards ! but yet I will ask leave.

SIR GEORGE TOWNLY.

Madam you have it ; but I vow I grieve.

LADY TRIFLE.

Di'monds and Hearts ; and now I play Spadille.

LADY PRATTLE.

My Lord ! my Basto falls.

LORD MYRTLE.

And my Manille,

LADY PRATTLE.

Were you on Friday at Gallini's Ball?

Unluckily I lost my last new Shaul.

LADY TRIFLE.

Your Ladyship will make me lose the vole.

LORD MYRTLE.

There is no danger for you have the whole.

LADY TRIFLE.

When people talk I never can attend.

Sir George, are you my enemy or friend?

SIR GEORGE.

The game is certain, and is ours sans doute.

LADY PRATTLE.

Di'monds to me are an unlucky suit.

At

At Loo or Whist, I stand a chance to win,
But at Quadrille I never gain a pin.
Sir George ! you deal ; I hope the luck will change,
To hold such cards is really very strange.

L O R D M Y R T L E.

I play in Spades.

L A D Y P R A T T L E.

Was ever such a trial ?
But yet at youngest hand there's no denial.

L A D Y T R I F L E.

My Lord ! your King is trump'd, an omen bad.

L A D Y P R A T T L E.

Upon my word it makes his Lordship sad.

L O R D M Y R T L E.

Undoubtedly the case is very hard ;
I never knew such an unlucky card.

L A D Y

LADY TRIFLE.

Tis just a beast ; my Lord, your game must lay.
 Now if you please, we will postpone our play ;
 For tea and coffee, it is proper time ;
 To drink it soon like Cits, is poz a crime ;
 Yet they affect their Routes, and parties quarré,
 Concerts and drums ; for which I vow I'm forry.

LADY PRATTLE.

The chat of tea tables is my delight,
 Such repartee abounds, and sense polite ;
 It really is the magazine of knowledge,
 And more improving than a musty College :
 With all his sense our Chaplain's such a clown,
 I really blush for him when we're in Town ;
 He talks so loud, makes such an aukward bow,
 And enters an assembly, Lord knows how !

And

And then he is so formal and abstruse.

L O R D M Y R T L E.

Which, for to say the truth, I think the Deuce !

L A D Y P R A T T L E.

Dear Lady Trifle, have you left off tea ?

L A D Y T R I F L E.

Yes : I'm so nervous, I can scarcely see ;
And have such flutterings, and fits of crying,
That those about me fancy I am dying.

S I R G E O R G E.

The country air would make you plump and strong.

L A D Y T R I F L E.

But when I'm there, the days appear so long.
There's no Society at Trifle Hall,
No gay assembly, but a poor race ball :

The

The neighbours think they elegantly treat,
 If they provide enough to drink and eat :
 One knows not what to talk of to such people,
 Except their poultry, and their own Church steeple.

LADY PRATTLE.

At Melville Place our life is just the same ;
 We've no companions, who deserve the name.
 Our time is spent in sorting shells and flowers ;
 We keep such early, antiquated hours.
 Then saunter in the groves and dismal park,
 Without the hopes of meeting with a spark ;
 We see the distant view of spires and hills,
 And hear the murmurings of cascades and rills.

LADY TRIFLE.

Our Vicar's wife is quite a downright Joan,
 And never pleased but when she is alone ;
 One's so disturb'd too with her squalling brats,
 Who scratch and scream like so many wild Cats.

Such

Such scenes as these must rather kill than cure.

SIR GEORGE.

A rural life I never could endure.
To me no transports fields or gardens give ;
When I am in them, I exist, not live.
In London, Pleasure wears a vernal bloom,
Which banishes Reflection's painful gloom.

LADY PRATTLE.

Sir George have you seen Henderson in Lear?

SIR GEORGE.

Yes and approve him, with a heart sincere.
The house was crowded.

LADY TRIFLE.

Did you like the farce ?

Pray has it merit with eclat to pass ?

H

SIR

SIR GEORGE.

A petite piece ! you know the Author's name;
Is not the highest in the list of fame.

LADY TRIFLE.

I hear that Captain Flash is gone abroad.

LADY PRATTLE.

I'm not surpriz'd, his fortune was so flaw'd.

That Cap of yours is elegantly gay;
In highest taste, tho' not the least outré.

Were you last night at Lady Squibble's Route ?

LADY TRIFLE.

I was too ill to venture safely out.

LADY PRATTLE.

Poor Lady Betty made a shocking figure;
Whene'er I see her she appears grown bigger.

Lord

Lord Brag, the new-made Peer, was dress'd en Plume,
 And talk'd of pictures, which he bought at Rome ;
 He'd Di'mond Buckles, and a great Bouquet,
 And seem'd delighted, when engag'd in play :
 In all mad parties, he is now the man ;
 Upon my word, it is a wretched plan !

LADY TRIFLE.

He always differ'd little from a fool.
 Now, if you please, we will complete our pool ;
 No mighty matters have been lost or won.
 With Tea and Coffee, have you really done ?
 Remove the tea things, John, and stir the fire,
 And bring the Indian screen a little nigh'r.

SIR GEORGE.

I could engage to lay some serious bets,
 One meets but seldom with such nice quartettes.

He

LADY

small and little now, and I should wonder you'd think so.

LADY PRATTLE. To Hell with her.

Good luck we all of us sincerely wish;

When we left off, I think it was cross fish.

LADY TRIFLE. How you do!

You force the Ombre, which is very wrong.

SIR GEORGE. How you do!

Pardonnez moi, I thought your hand was strong.

LADY TRIFLE. How you do!

I hop'd, at least, you had a matadore;

Sir George, we've got the game, can you do more?

SIR GEORGE. How you do!

I must be silent, and resign the whole.

To you, if you intend to play the vole.

LADY

LADY TRIFLE.

I can do nothing ; where is the best Spade ?
If that had fell, my Queen would then have made.
As the Pool's out, we will reward Manille ;
My Lord, here's Basto, and I take Spadille.
I've won but little, yours are trifling losses.

LADY PRATTLE.

When I'm at Cards, I always meet with crosses.
Next Saturday I hope we all shall meet,
To hear some Music, in St. James's-Street ;
La Motte will regulate, and lead the band ;
And Captain Quaver is a clever hand :
Miss Minim too has promis'd to be there ;
To sing Duetts, and some Italian Air.

MR. BARTON.

Good day to you, good day to you, I say,
Good day to you, good day to you, I say.

LORD

L O R D M Y R T L E.

Dear Lady Prattle, will you deign to sing?

L A D Y P R A T T L E.

Oh! name it not! I can do no such thing;
I cannot reach the compass of a note;
Whene'er I try, it settles in my throat.

L O R D M Y R T L E.

At least you'll "gently touch the warbling Lyre,"
And with true harmony our hearts inspire.

L A D Y P R A T T L E.

I now must go to Lady Flutter's Route,
And call on people, whom I know are out.

L A D Y T R I F L E.

Why Lady Prattle need you go so soon?
To-morrow in the Park we'll meet at noon.

Sir

Sir George, you are engag'd I'll lay a bet;
 If you are not, we will begin Piquette.

SIR GEORGE.

Lord Myrtle, and myself, are doom'd to go
 To Lord Quintessence, that egregious Beau;
 How much more happy should I be with you, am I
 Thus most reluctantly, I say adieu!

LORD MYRTLE.

The call of Friendship I must needs obey,
 So graciously receive my last congé!

ODE

ODE TO COMPLACENCY.

COMPLACENCY! thou gift refin'd!
 To me thy aid impart;
 Preserve thy Empire in my mind,
 And regulate my heart.

Thy presence will adorn each scene,
 With modest temp'rate rays;
 Grant, I become like thee serene,
 Nor thirst for empty praise.

Oh! lead me to thy sacred bow'r,
 Where Peace, and Virtue dwell;
 There let me feel thy healing pow'r,
 To Folly bid farewell.

This

This the chief purpose of my soul,
To seek thy blest abode ;
Contentment the inviting goal,
And rectitude the road.

With cautious step, and steady pace,
The chequer'd path I view ;
Behold the end, and destin'd race,
To reach what I pursue.

By thee enabled, hence shall gain
A conquest o'er my mind ;
Defy the threat'ning frowns of pain,
By innocence refin'd.

From Guilt, and Superstition free,
Oh ! may I ne'er repine ;
In ev'ry state, and each decree,
Obey the will divine !

TO THE AUTHOR'S SISTER.

I Now forsake the Elegiac strain,
 Inspir'd by sorrow, and perus'd with pain ;
 The storm subsides, the clouds are clear dispers'd,
 The prospect brightens, and my fate's revers'd.
 These tidings, dear Eliza, will impart
 Pleasing sensations to thy tender heart ;
 Affection prompts me freely to disclose
 My flatt'ring hopes, and to conceal my woes ;
 Infectious sorrows their contagion spread,
 And cause fair Virtue to recline her head.
 Prosperity elates the human mind,
 Yet in her train, unhappiness we find.
 We view her pageantry with partial eyes,
 But to deliberate is truly wise,
 Before we pass our judgment, or declare,
 What state in life, for happiness bids fair.

The

The glitt'ring surfaces attract the sight,
 Caught by the bait, we fancy true delight :
 Yet shun conviction, and in heart despise
 By gentle admonitions to grow wise.
 Child of affliction, I was early taught,
 The painful lesson of more serious thought ;
 Adversity subdu'd my youthful mind,
 Enlarg'd its views, and its vain hopes confin'd :
 Whate'er my faults of high or low degree,
 Repentance breaks the chain, and sets me free.
 Thou gift divine ! all human stains efface,
 And grant to me thy purifying grace ;
 The best require thee in this sinful state,
 To calm their suff'rings, and avert their fate.
 Much lov'd Eliza ! in my early youth,
 Thy prudence led me to the path of truth.
 The part I wish to act in this great scene,
 Is ever to preserve the golden mean ;
 Neither so high as to forget my state,
 Nor yet so low to murmur at my fate ;

Humble, not servile ; steady, not severe ;
Prudent, yet gen'rous ; and in heart sincere ;
Neither inclin'd to give or take offence ;
A foe to pride, though specious its pretence.
Such is thy practice : thy superior mind
Keeps the due medium by good sense refin'd.
Prudence and Judgment are by thee posseſſ'd,
Unerring monitors within thy breast ;
Precept alone will ne'er perfection gain,
And needs example, Wisdom to attain ;
In thee united, rul'd by Virtue's laws,
She crowns thy Merit with deserv'd applause.

EPITAPH

E P I T A P H

On Miss MARTHA MARY ANN HUGHES,

Who Died Nov. 2, 1776, aged Ten Years.

IF scenes funereal serious thoughts dispense,
 And wake the soul to sympathetic sense,
 Attend, vain Passenger, this awful shrine,
 A state like this will soon alas ! be thine !
 Shall full maturity securely rest,
 And chace reflection from its sanguine breast ?
 Like the fleet courser no obstruction heed,
 Seek Pleasure's goal with unremitting speed ?
 The op'ning bud, and fair expanded flow'r,
 Fade, and are cropt by Death's resistless pow'r.
 His rig'rous laws a Parent's hopes destroy,
 By snatching to himself their pride and joy.

This

This modest snow-drop, eldest born of Spring,
 Whose verse sepulchral with regret I sing,
 Too early did her various gifts display,
 In form and mind, as radiant as the day.
 We prais'd, admir'd, beheld with fond surprise,
 Death gave the stroke, and pluck'd her from our eyes ;
 Where now transplanted to a milder sky,
 She blooms unfaded, and can never die.

O D E O N F O R T I T U D E.

BEHOLD the Christian Hero arm'd,
 With Helmet, Breast-Plate, Shield !
 And be not for his fate alarm'd,
 He will maintain the field.

The

The Sword of Justice will defend
Religion's sacred laws ;
And ever prove a constant friend
To Champions in her cause..

The holy Martyrs burnt or slain,
Disgrace fair Hist'ry's page ;
Their steady faith defied the pain
Caus'd by Enthusiasts rage..

By Fire their worth was tried like gold,
Freed from the base alloy ;
They sought their Maker to behold.
In scenes of endless joy..

Let us by their example taught,
Seek the Almighty love ;
Disdain each servile mundane thought,
Exploring scenes above !

A FAMILIAR EPISTLE

TO THE AUTHOR'S SISTER.

SAY, dear Maria ! is the modish life
 With sense and reason ever found at strife ?
 Say, dear Maria ! is the rural seat
 Of Peace and Virtue the secure retreat ?
 Then form thy judgment, and declare thy choice,
 Tho' inconsistent with the gen'ral voice.
 Mark but the hist'ry of a modern day,
 Compos'd of nonsense, foppery, and play.
 Suppose a Lady in her easy chair,
 Intent to fabricate and deck her hair ;
 A compound vile, of powder, paint, perfumes,
 Adorn'd with Di'monds, and with lofty plumes.
 View her at Almack's in the pomp of pride,
 With Lord, or Captain, seated by her side ;

If

If not in unison with Virtue's law,
 Mod'rate the term, and call it—a faux pas!
 This gaudy Trifler, or this haughty Belle,
 In folly's lists is found—la plus fidelle!
 Hence, dear Maria, bless the gracious star,
 Which, from such scenes of folly guides thee far.
 What, tho' on Pea-chicks thou dost never dine,
 Or in Gold Goblets drink Falernian Wine!
 What tho' no crowd of coxcombs grace thy gate,
 The modern Female's idle, useless slate!
 More blest thy lot, with meek and humble heart,
 To seek the treasures that true joys impart;
 The only blessings that can aught avail,
 Which, like the Widow's oil, will never fail.

TO MRS. B.

To Friendship thus a Fane I raise,
 Th' off'ring, gratitude and praise;
 A sacrifice to merit due,
 And love like thine, sincere and true.
 Let, whilst we live, the incense burn,
 When we expire adorn the urn.
 Proclaim to common hearts the cause,
 Why we obey'd fair Virtue's laws;
 Why tho' in gayest liv'ry dress,
 To us base flatt'ry stood confess;
 What caus'd the silent tear to flow,
 At sight of real or fancied woe;
 'Tis sympathy which rules our Souls,
 And all our wayward wills controlls.
 By hope inspir'd the tender heart,
 Smiles at the fell envenom'd dart.

Thro'

Thro' various channels sorrows flow,
 And inundations cause of woe ;
 The swelling tide o'erflows the mind,
 If not by reason's banks confin'd ;
 Restrain'd in its impetuous course,
 By Faith, and fair Religion's force.
 If these the Pilots, we can glide,
 With ease thro' life, and stem the tide
 Of sorrow's stream, and find, at last,
 Our lot in some fair Country cast ;
 Transported to that happy shore,
 No longer our hard fate deplore ;
 Be thankful for the blessings giv'n,
 And find ourselves at rest in Heav'n.
 Oh ! may the passage prove to thee,
 A settled calm, and summer sea !
 Like the bright Halcyon build thy nest,
 In sweet tranquility and rest ;
 Blest with a kind and gentle mate,
 Rejoicing in thy happy fate !

The following Lines were sent to Miss J. WEST,
with a Piece of Bride-Cake, drawn through a
Wedding-Ring.

TO thee, dear Jane, with joy I send,
The tribute of a bridal Friend.
Of late I'm grown, quite grave and stupid,
A traitor to the laws of Cupid;
Defy his pow'r, and pointed darts,
With which he wounds poor mortals hearts:
So send to thee this magic charm,
Grant that the spell thy fancy warm.
If nine times drawing thro' the ring,
Can any solid comforts bring,
This may afford a pleasing dream,
Compos'd of Love; delightful theme!

Create a Swain sincere and just,
On whom thou may'st with safety trust ;
Yet pleasing, lively, witty, smart,
A Man, quite after thine own heart.
This World is but a dream throughout,
We wake, and our mistakes find out ;
Our hopes high rais'd, and prospects bright,
Vanish like visions from the sight.
May they to thee be verified,
By being soon an happy bride !

To

To the Same, on her prolonging her stay in
 Yorkshire.

AVERSE to silence, thus the pause I break,
 In Friendship's cause, and for Honoria's sake.
 Ah ! why prolong thy stay ? we try in vain,
 The threaten'd ill with patience to sustain,
 Thy tender Parent can't the boon deny,
 Tho' she explores thee with expecting eye ;
 Foregoes her pleasure, to secure to thee,
 Convivial joys from pain and discord free.
 What tho' the rigid North will soon appear
 Clad in the horrors of the closing year,
 By cheerfulness anticipate the Spring,
 Make Boreas smile, and Æolus to sing !
 Why are we bound by harsh and rigid rules,
 Impos'd by Tyrants, and obey'd by Fools ?

Sorrow

Sorrow attends the sable nodding Plumes,
 Whilst a gay air the brilliant gem assumes,
 Tho' neither have the pow'r to touch the heart,
 Which smiles with joy, or groans with poignant smart ;
 Superior to external influence reigns,
 Defies its pow'r, and breaks its galling chains.
 Simplex munditiis is the path I tread,
 Impell'd by Virtue, and by prudence led ;
 Much less ashamed to err in head than heart,
 Proof against envy, and her treach'rous art.
 By Hope elated, or by grief deprest'd,
 Still Friendship reigns in my devoted breast.
 Long may'st thou feel it, long the same impart,
 The native growth of thy ingenuous heart.
 Friendship like Charity, her grace extends,
 And is most blest in blessing of her friends.
 This gracious gift then deign to yield to me,
 To prove at once thy Love and Constancy.
 By intercourse of letters kind, reveal
 Thy ev'ry thought ; nor yet with care conceal

What

What will afford thy friend a joy extreme ;
 Nor be laconic on the pleasing theme.
 Omit no circumstance of time or place,
 From thy recital sure to gain a grace.
 Blest with the pow'r to speak and write with ease,
 Possessing ev'ry gift to charm and please,
 No longer now thy talent shalt thou hide,
 The joy of Friendship and its greatest pride ;
 Its life, its soul, its great essential part,
 Whose Empire's seated in a faithful heart.

To

To a LADY, whose extreme sensibility causes
her to refine too much on the common Occur-
ences of Life.

WHY in this frail, capricious World,
Dost thou Perfection seek ?
When Hope, in Disappointment ends,
Form'd on a plan so weak.

The most this fleeting Life affords,
Is respites short from pain ;
Why then the only lot allow'd,
Wilt thou with pride disdain ?

Behold the height of human bliss,
The skill of mortal Man ;
Alas ! how circumscrib'd his pow'rs,
Their limits but a span !

Receive with thankfulness the state
 By Providence design'd ;
 Submit to his all-wise decrees,
 In Life and Death resign'd.

Forbear to murmur, if thy cup
 With bliss does not run o'er ;
 And think a portion due is sent
 From Wisdom's bounteous store.

If Plenty thou dost lack, or Peace,
 Society, or Health,
 As substitutes for all these joys,
 Let Reason be thy Wealth.

Suppress those anxious cares, which rob
 Thy feeling heart of rest ;
 Nurture complacent steadfast Hope,
 And be supremely blest.

Possess the treasures which avail
When mortal hopes decay,
Riches the world have not to give,
Nor pow'r to take away.

Then seek what only can exalt,
Frail Creatures form'd of Dust;
Who zealous for the present state,
Forget their future trust.

Amidst the trials which disturb
This vain terrestrial view,
Resistance will avail thee nought,
Submission meek is due.

Are not thy feelings then a curse?
A constant source of pain?
Than Folly, or Indiff'rence worse?
Their dictates then disdain.

Refine on Pain ! ah ! cruel art,
 To wound thy tender mind ;
 'Tis like the pois'ning of a dart,
 More certain Death to find.

On returning a Knife to a Young Lady.

TH E Knife return'd, remain in perfect ease,
 Nor with vain fears afflict thyself, or teaze.
 What sign or omen ever can portend
 To alienate the love I bear my friend ;
 Tho' sharpest weapons were like troops combin'd
 To form a Phalanx round my steady mind,
 Affection would resist and foil their pow'r,
 Nor quit her standard to the latest hour.
 Hence, Superstition ! hide thy daring head,
 By weak distrust, and human folly bred ;
 Subdu'd by sense, the victor of thy fate,
 In chains thou shalt appear to grace her state.

E P I T A P H

E P I T A P H

On Miss E L I Z A H A R D I N G,

Who died Jan. 10, 1778. Aged Twelve Years.

AH! why this sorrow, why this pensive gloom,
 That sweet Eliza rests within the tomb ?
 Her gentle Spirit is supremely blest ;
 No anxious cares can agitate her breast.
 Short was her passage thro' this vale of tears,
 Unstain'd by guilt, or its attendant fears :
 Her soul aspiring to the realms of light,
 Secur'd its happiness by rapid flight.
 Shall elegiac verse in mournful lay,
 Or silent eloquence her worth display ?
 In her was found whate'er could love engage,
 Simplicity of Youth, and sense of Age ;

Manners

Manners refin'd; a kind and faithful heart;
 And all the gifts which Virtue could impart.
 Oh Death! thou cruel and relentless pow'r!
 Why didst thou seize this fair expanding flow'r?
 Her op'ning beauties scarce had felt the sun;
 Too soon, alas! th' appointed course she run.
 Yet, what avails our grief? we weep in vain;
 Great is her profit, since, "to Die is Gain."

To a Young L A D Y at School.

EXCELL, and emulate thy Parents praise;
 Let thy intrinsic worth the tribute raise.
 In ev'ry useful art thy time employ
 Zealous esteem to gain, true heart-felt joy;
 Attain each grace that can adorn the mind,
 Blended with sentiment and taste refin'd.

Envy

Envy can find no harbour in a breast
 Th' abode, I trust, of Peace, benignant guest!
 Neglect no duty ; act with graceful ease ;
 Ever desire with modesty to please ;
 Let virtue be thy guide ; for she'll dispense,
 Sincerity, Discretion, Truth, and Sense.
 Oh ! may she kind to thee her grace impart,
 Never forsake, deep rooted in thy heart !

TO MRS. A. D. A. M. S.

THOUGH 'tis a paradox, thou still art nigh,
 And oft admir'd with retrospective eye.
 The flame of Friendship never can expire ;
 Its very embers re-assume their fire,
 Burn with fresh vigour, and with lustre bright,
 Solace the heart, and yield us true delight.

I ever

I ever shall revere those happy hours,
 Shar'd with my friend, enliven'd by her powers ;
 In sweet society we pass'd the day,
 Serenely cheerful, yet not vainly gay ;
 The last seem'd happiest, and the most was priz'd ;
 To me the blessing lent, not realiz'd !
 Instruction now employs me ; pleasing task !*
 Myst'ries t' unfold, and falsehood to unmask ;
 To read a comment on the letter'd page ;
 T' improve my Pupils, and their love engage ;
 To teach them firm, yet cautiously to tread,
 In Virtue's paths, by my example led ;
 To shun the Rocks of Ignorance and Pride,
 Twin-sisters to our nature close allied.
 Oh, Ignorance ! thou chaos of the mind,
 Th' eclipse of Reason, to Improvement blind :
 Thou like the owl dost shun the glorious light,
 Enwrap'd in darkness, and the shades of night.

* This Epistle was written when the Author undertook the education of two young Ladies of fashion ; for whom she composed "Mentoria, or the Young Ladies Instructor."

Pride like a beacon, which is plac'd on high,
 Whose pompous turrets emulate the eye,
 By various means essays our sense to cheat,
 Then triumphs in our fall, and base defeat.
 Benign Humility ! thy grace impart,
 The friend of Virtue, enemy of Art !
 I feel my own defects by being plac'd
 With those whose minds with ev'ry gift are grac'd.*
 May I attain what I so much admire,
 Warm'd by the influence of their attic fire.
 Nature to thee did various gifts dispense ;
 Blest thee with modesty, good-humour, sense :
 Adorn'd the Casket with great care and pains,
 Fit emblem of the jewel it contains :
 Polite, yet faithful, thou with graceful ease,
 Dost act consistent, emulous to please.
 Accept these artless lays, an off'ring free,
 To worth superior, and address'd to thee.

* Mr. and Mrs. V— for whose abilities the Author has the highest veneration, and to whom she is infinitely indebted for repeated testimonies of their favour.

A SACRED INVOCATION,

WRITTEN EXTEMPORE.

IN pity, Lord ! direct my mind,
 Thy sacred attributes to find.
 A wand'rer in this nether world,
 Too oft, alas ! in error hurl'd,
 Thy word a Lantern to my feet,
 Shall lead me to thy judgment-seat.
 Man by delusion is betray'd,
 And needs thy all-sufficient aid ;
 Thy comprehensive pow'r can teach,
 The heights his frailty cannot reach.
 Oh ! grant to those whose steps have err'd,
 The guidance of thy holy word ;
 Giving them grace to judge aright,
 And walk for ever in thy sight.

From

From sin converted, may they hence
 Be Penitents in stricter sense ;
 From strong conviction, may their minds
 Feel the repose which Virtue finds ;
 May trust and confidence in thee,
 From apprehensions set them free ;
 To thee may all their wishes tend,
 Thou great Creator ! gen'ral friend !
 Supreme, yet merciful and just ;
 Our present joy and future trust :
 The comfort of a human breast,
 The haven which affords it rest ;
 The God of Truth, whom all adore,
 Who studiously thy works explore :
 To highest pitch our zeal they raise,
 To celebrate thy glorious praise,
 Thy creatures thus enraptur'd sing,
 " Glory to God, Eternal King ! "

HYMN TO ADVERSITY.

ADVERSITY ! the Great must bend to thee,
 From thy domain, no sovereign pow'r is free ;
 Thou source of earthly terrors ! awful fear !
 Who rul'st with iron rod, and brow severe :
 All feel the weight of thy oppressive hand,
 And none can check thee, or thy pow'r withstand.
 Thy harsh decrees are med'cines to the Soul,
 Which can the most obdurate heart controll ;
 Tho' painful, yet subdue malignant pride,
 And by their aid our minds are purified.
 Thy waters like the salutary Nile,
 By overflowing, fructify the soil ;
 Grant that to me the deluge may impart,
 Its fruitful gifts to rectify my heart.

Oh !

Oh ! may my mind th' ordeal fire sustain,
 Endure the torments, and e'en smile on pain :
 Great is the conflict, yet the conquest sure,
 If arm'd with fortitude, and Virtue pure.

C I T Y S P L E N D O R,

A T O W N E C L O G U E.

MR. WEALTHY.

WELL ! now my dear, beloved Wife,
 We must extend our plan of life.
 How will our country cousins stare,
 To see me soon a great Lord-May'r !

MRS.

M R S. W E A L T H Y.

The rich State-Coach you will not grace,
 Adorn'd by Chaplain, Sword, and Mace.
 As for myself, the golden Chain
 I must confess will make me vain ;
 And then how much shall be delighted,
 When by his Majesty you're knighted !
 Adieu now to my one horse chair,
 I'll have a Coach to take the air.
 With speed we'll quit vile Wormwood-Street,
 And decorate our Country-seat ;
 The House must be entirely furnish'd,
 And all the Glasses, gilt and burnish'd.

M R. W E A L T H Y.

Figures I'll buy to grace the nitches,
 And make canals of all the ditches ;
 Which, stor'd with various kinds of fish,
 On Sundays may afford a dish,

The

The Sheriffs richly to regale,
 With Poultry, Beef, and Yorkshire Ale.
 Thus much I promise all my party,
 An English welcome, rough and hearty.

M R S. W E A L T H Y.

Indeed, my dear ! you shock my sight;
 I fear you'll never grow polite..
 I, to be sure, was born a heireſs,
 And fit to be a Lady-May'reſſ ;
 But as for you, with all your riches,
 You wear such dirty Leather-Breeches ;
 And such a frightful shabby wig,
 It looks like bristles of a Pig..
 Your Day-Book and your Ledger seem,
 To be your most engaging theme..
 What need so often to repeat,
 Your expectations of the Fleet !
 And then you talk so much of Trade,
 Boasting your debts are punctual paid :

Which

Which is not now at all the fashion.

M R. W E A L T H Y.

You really put me in a passion.

Politeness is an empty name:

On Riches I depend for fame.

M R S. W E A L T H Y.

With all your mighty boasted wealth,

You neither taste of peace or health.

I hate extravagance and waste,

Yet like things in the modern taste.

Your Father's meanness you inherit,

And have no proper pride or spirit.

When at the Mansion-House I live,

Such Entertainments I will give,

And such a Lord-May's feast and ball,

As shall delight the crowded hall.

No Barbers, Clowns, or paltry Singers,

Or Pick-Pockets with nimble fingers,

But

But people of the first degree,
Shall form the brilliant company.

Mr. W E A L T H Y.

We must not break establish'd rules,
To banish Knaves, Poltroons, or Fools;
The Aldermen must hold their place,
And serve the Cavalcade to grace;
By help of whom, the Lord-May'rs day,
Will City consequence display;
The Common-Council are invited,
And all their families delighted.
Our Barges are extremely fine,
Bless me! what plenty when we dine.
The liquor like a mighty ocean,
Affords an inexhaustless potion,
Of which we quaff like eager fish;
Like Cormorants attack each dish;
Transported by our happy fare,
Talk Politics, Eat, Drink, and Swear.

N

M R S.

M r s. W E A L T H Y.

I hate these kind of brutal feasts,
 Less fit for Men than savage beasts ;
 Below the brute creation funk,
 When by intemperance they're drunk.

M r. W E A L T H Y.

I must confess 'tis very wrong,
 Those faults to Citizens belong ;
 We glory in our Cent. per Cent.,
 On profit ever found intent ;
 And laugh at vain ideal schemes,
 Fictitious fancies, idle dreams,
 Chimeras of the ton, and taste ;
 And spendthrifts fortunes soon laid waste ;
 Marking the fall and rise of stocks,
 We keep our deeds in iron box.

M r s.

M R S. W E A L T H Y.

Pray when shall Juliet come from France?
On Easter-Monday how she'll dance!
I think my dear, we'll fetch her over;
Or meet her when she comes to Dover;
Her education is complete,
And for her height, 'tis near six feet.

M R. W E A L T H Y.

How much of all her charms you boast!

M R S. W E A L T H Y.

I could engage she'll be a toast.
Juliet is quite her mother's daughter,
And will occasion desp'rate slaughter;
For, as you know, when I was young,
My beauty did not pass unsung:
I always made a mighty shew,
And hop'd to gain an Earl or Beau.

But after all my care and pains,
 My father sought substantial gains ;
 And threaten'd his severe displeasure,
 If I refus'd your worship's treasure.
 Thus, in the prime and pride of life,
 I was compell'd to be your wife.
 Nor should I murmur at my lot,
 If you your vulgar ways forgot ;
 And was for Magistracy fit,
 With grace and dignity to fit.
 I cannot but, my dear, declare,
 That now I wish, you wore your Hair.
 Your awkward Taylor has no taste ;
 Your clothes must be superbly lac'd.
 Yet, after all, you'll look so rough,
 To my rich gems, and silver fluff.
 Methinks, I see the servants wait,
 To follow us to Court in state.
 King of the City ! what a sound !
 Myself the Queen ! my head turns round !

My

My Daughter too, the Princess Royal !

I hope our subjects will be loyal.

Inlist in Freedom's glorious cause ;

The surest means to gain applause.

M R. W E A L T H Y.

Of Cash I have such wond'rous plenty,

That Earls or Dukes, I'd purchase twenty ;

And therefore have no cause to spare,

My riches to exalt my heir :

So that I am resolv'd to spend,

My money with a cheerful friend.

At Newington I mean to build

A Drawing-Room, with pictures fill'd ;

Then I'll pull down that odious paling,

And have some wooden Chinese railing ;

That we may see the road with ease ;

Which all our visitors will please.

Upon our spacious rural lawn,

We'll keep some sheep, and feed the fawn ;

Some

Some able workman shall repair,
The ruins and the roof-house chair.
I have my eye on Farmer Craddock,
To buy his fields to make a Paddock.
How very great a paddock sounds,
Well stor'd with deer, and hocks, and hounds !
When I have gain'd sufficient treasure,
I then will be a man of pleasure ;
Build and rebuild, plant and lay waste,
Agreeable to the rules of taste ;
The country air will make me healthy,
And who so great as Sir John Wealthy !

O D E.

IN this terrestrial fleeting state,
This fluctuating scene,
Let me the due advantage make,
Instructions ever glean.

From Folly and the snares of Art,
Duplicity despise;
Learn the true worth of modest sense,
Esteem the good and wise.

By Vanity and Tyrant Pride,
Be taught to hate vain show; -
Resign myself to Reason's pow'r,
With genuine Virtue glow.

From

From Av'rice and her sordid train,
 Weigh the true use of Pelf;
 Dilate my heart, and teach my soul
 To look beyond itself.

From Rashness, gain the glorious art,
 To know in what consists,
 The pow'r invincible to gain,
 Which all attacks resists.

May base Ingratitude, and Guilt,
 Caprice, and proud disdain,
 Inspire my heart with purpose fix'd,
 The better path to gain.

From those who seem exempt from Care,
 And fickle Fortune's pow'r,
 Be warn'd with confidence to hope
 Beyond the present hour.

Pursuing

Pursuing thus the thorny maze,
 Sure profit hence shall find ;
 From others weakness, gather strength
 To fortify my mind !

To MRS. VAUGHAN.

IN ev'ry state, and ev'ry point of view,
 Thy sterling worth is to the balance true ;
 As Parent, Wife, and Friend, it bears the test,
 And when the most is tried, acquitted best ;
 In times like these, when vanities prevail,
 And love maternal is an idle tale,
 How wisely dost thou stem the current stream,
 Nor art involv'd in the delusive dream.
 The fashionable mother flights the care
 Of her young offspring, with affected air ;

Divides her time 'twixt Op'ras, Plays, Romance,
A gaming Party, or a midnight Dance.
From fountains so impure, must surely flow
Streams quite congenial to the lakes below.
Hence are deriv'd those vapours which infect
The atmosphere of Life, with dire effect.
Hence too proceeds the loud domestic strife,
The faithless Friend, and the inconstant Wife.
Far diff'rent is the plan pursu'd by thee ;
From vain parade, and affectation free.
The Olive branches which surround thy board,
Emblems of peace, with native grace are stor'd ;
The bright example of thy taste and skill,
In their young minds will filial love instill ;
From thee, deriving elegance and ease,
Like the Original, will ever please.

THE BEATITUDES

PARAPHRASTICALLY VERSIFIED.

With MORAL REFLECTIONS.

THUS spake our Saviour, "Blessed are the meek,
 " And those who Righteousness with ardour seek,
 " Blest is the mourner, he shall find repose,
 " And calm contentment shall succeed his woes.
 " Blest are the peace-makers, and foes to strife,
 " And those who thirst for everlasting Life,
 " Blessed are they who patiently endure;
 " For their inheritance in Heav'n is sure.
 " Blest are the merciful, foredoom'd to gain
 " Their just reward like mercy to obtain,
 " Blest are the pure in heart, for they shall see
 " Their great Creator in his Majesty.

" Blessed are ye, when men to hurt ye seek,
 " And for my sake revile, and evil speak;
 " Rejoice, be glad in heart, for so of old
 " Prophets were treated, by the vain and bold.
 " In Heav'n alone a recompence is found;
 " Which great Eternity, not Time can bound."
 Do these Beatitudes, vain Man! impart
 Substantial joys to thy perverted heart?
 Does Christian patience fortify thy creed,
 To yield thee comfort in the hour of need?
 Does lively Faith, fair Charity, and Peace,
 Secure true blessings, and thy hopes encrease?
 Does Meekness, Mercy, attributes divine,
 In all thy actions with resplendence shine?
 Say, does not Pride, Ingratitude, and Sin,
 By false allurements, thy affections win?
 Does zeal for Wealth, or Righteousness prevail?
 Do not temptations with success assail?
 Dost thou not yield? no firm resistance make?
 Will not thy Tempter due advantage take?

His

His sole Dominion in the shades of guilt ;
 And hope of triumph, on Rebellion built.
 Would'st thou, Oh Man ! but frustrate his design,
 And call in aid Omnipotence divine ;
 In vain his arrows, level'd at thy peace,
 Would strive to wound thee, their effect must cease !
 Howe'er beset by Sorrows baleful train,
 Religious hope can ev'ry woe sustain ;
 Direct the means t'avert impending ill,
 By acquiescence to the sacred will ;
 Teach thee to think that Providence will send
 No seeming evil, but for some wise end ;
 To serve some purpose, operate some plan
 Conducive to the good of fallen Man.
 From hence submit, nay e'en adore the rod,
 In strict obedience to the will of God ;
 Serve him with zealous works, religious awe,
 And act consistent with his sacred law :
 In him, as Lord of all, with ardour trust,
 Whose Pow'r is boundless, and whose Judgments just.

ODE TO THE MOON.

To thee, fair regent of the Night,
I dedicate my lays ;
Thy silver beams, reflected light,
Excite our love and praise !

Sequester'd from the beams of Day,
The midnight awful scene
Converts the mind, by nature gay,
To prospects more serene.

Above each vain terrestrial art
Of Life's perplexing care,
Thy genuine graces strike the heart,
Free from delusive glare.

This

This useful lesson they instil,
That modest Virtues shine;
Like thee the constant course fulfil,
With majesty divine.

A MORAL ESSAY.

To the AUTHOR'S SISTER.

ACCEPT th' effusion of a faithful heart,
Replete with gratitude, devoid of art;
Nor thou disdain the tributary tear
Which flows from Friendship's eye, with love sincere.
Ah! what avails this energy of grief!
Where, my Constantia, is the wish'd relief?
Oh! deign to listen to my ardent pray'r,
That thou the best of Heaven's gifts may share!

To

To add a zest to all thy other joys,
 May health be thine ; the want of which destroys }
 All earthly bliss, and ev'ry good annoys }
 From thee, no flatt'ring hopes I need conceal ;
 To thee, securely, may my fears reveal.
 To parts superior I make no pretence,
 Virtue my only boast, and common sense.
 Denied external charms, my better part
 Lies deep conceal'd ; the rectitude of heart ;
 Which common forms disdains, that tend to cheat
 The human judgment, and fair truth defeat.
 No guide but Prudence, to direct, and steer
 My course thro' life, her precepts I revere.
 Directed thus by her unerring laws,
 My actions oft acquire deserv'd applause ;
 Or, if they ne'er receive the tribute due,
 Unwearied, I will still her paths pursue.
 The joys of Life, like blossoms nipt by Frost,
 Deceive my views, and ere I grasp are lost.
 Yet Hope still beams upon my drooping mind ;
 The only ray-of comfort I can find,

To

To cheer my passage thro' this vale of care,
 Remove my doubts, and dissipate despair.
 Oh Hope ! thou emanation from above,
 I feel thy cheering beams, and gracious love.
 Firm Faith and Charity, with thee combin'd,
 In holy unison, direct the mind.
 Faith whispers peace to the afflicted breast,
 Sweet harbinger of joy, and tranquil rest ;
 Renews its trust in God, whose pow'ful arm,
 Can Malice, and our secret foes disarm.
 Whose word can still the raging of the Sea,
 Relieve th' oppress'd, and set the pris'ner free.
 Alas, Constantia ! little it avails
 Whether our present hope succeeds or fails.
 A future state will reconcile our fears,
 Dispel our doubts, anxieties, and tears.
 Whence then does Death in horrid forms appear,
 And cast around such wild terrific fear ?
 Each human ill his edicts can assuage,
 Disarm the Tyrant, and subdue his rage ;

What tho' his arm be rais'd to strike the blow,
And unrelenting, his sharp arrows throw?
Tho' fatally transfixt within the heart,
Whence the regret from earthly pain to part?
'Tis but his ministry to break the chain
Which close confines us to this World of pain.
When we behold the space where Heroes lie,
We pay the tribute of a tear, or sigh;
Yet with the prospect ceases the regret,
Tho' all must pay th' inevitable debt.
Say, dear Constantia, if th' engaging ties
Of social duties, which the vain despise,
Extend our prospects to th' expansive bound,
Where mutual love, and innocence are found?
Rich in the gifts which Fortune cannot shake,
An union permanent, no storms can break.
A Parent, whose diffusive, tender heart,
Would, for her friend, with ev'ry blessing part;
She who will praise, where praise seems scarcely due,
And bring forth latent worth, to public view;

She

She who reluctantly would speak to blame,
 Who rather seeks to spread deserved fame ;
 She who in Charity with all men lives,
 Grateful receives, as cheerfully she gives.
 Her tenderness may filial love repay,
 And shine resplendent to her latest day !
 May Love, cemented by its strongest bands,
 Unite our hearts, and ever join our hands !
 In ev'ry state let this desire be mine,
 To taste of Friendship, as sincere as thine !

DAPHNE AND THE POET.

AN ODE.

DAPHNE.

DEAR Poet, deign in tuneful lays,
My merits to rehearſe;
My beauty and acquirements sing,
In sweet harmonious verse.

The Lily and the Rose unite
To form my pleasing face;
Silk will describe my flowing hair,
Adorn'd with wond'rous grace.

To

To Stars, or Di'monds dazzling hue,
 Compare my sparkling eyes;
 Pronounce me elegant, and fair,
 Good humour'd, witty, wife.

Whene'er I warble plaintive strains,
 Or touch the sounding Lyre,
 Thou must extol my taste and skill;
 Let me thy verse inspire!

P O E T.

Vain Daphne, why dost thou impose
 On me, who am sincere,
 Th' unwelcome task, to check thy pride
 By Satire most severe?

No Roses bloom upon thy Cheek,
 No lustre fires thine Eye;
 Defective in thy mental part,
 In thee no graces vie.

No

No harmony attends thy song,
 Thou'st learnt the art by rote;
 I blush whene'er thy screaming voice,
 Relays the Raven's note.

The sounds discordant yield disgust,
 No transports hence inspire;
 In thee to sue for sweet applause,
 Proves but a vain desire.

D A P H N E.

Why, meanest of the tuneful choir,
 Dost thou so much assume?
 To punish insolence like thine,
 With grace I will presume.

Dost thou not know my high degree,
 And great intrinsic worth?
 Endow'd with riches, sense, and taste,
 And true illustrious birth.

POET.

P O E T.

Say, Trifler, does it aught avail
What blood supplies thy veins,
Whilst there is trac'd within thy mind
Foul intellectual stains ?

Ah ! what avail thy brilliant gems,
And riches most immense ?
If thou with ignorance abound,
And want ingenuous sense..

The World is a bewitching snare,
And acts the Tempter's part ;
Alas ! too often it succeeds,
Too oft corrupts the heart..

Thy frail and unsuspecting Youth
Is led astray by Fools ;
Beset with Sycophants, thy heart
Submits to erring rules..

Yield

Yield to Reflection's sov'reign pow'r ;
Listen to Reason's voice ;
Forsaking Folly's dang'rous maze,
Let candour be thy choice.

Attend to dictates which proceed,
From no desires malign ;
Oh ! hear the language of the heart,
And be conviction thine.

To

To a Young GENTLEMAN at Eton.

GO on, dear youth ! deep Learning's path pursue,
 And keep her golden treasures still in view ;
 Search with attention for the shining ore,
 Its latent qualities with care explore ;
 Learn all their diff'rent properties and use,
 And gain the depth of subjects most abstruse.
 Fair Science is the clue by which we find
 Th' intricate lab'rinth of the human mind.
 Peruse great Nature's book, and her wise laws,
 And in each page trace the Creative Cause.
 This will expand and animate thy soul,
 Extinguish malice, vanity controll,
 With caution fix and chuse the better part ;
 Ever maintain integrity of heart ;

Q

Let

Let sympathetic feelings urge thee strong,
 To acts of kindness never in the wrong.
 Be this the structure of thy future plan,
 And dedicate to God the temple—Man.

A FAMILIAR EPISTLE

To Miss C O K E R.

Y
OU challenge me to write in Rhyme,
 Tho' I have neither sense or time :
 Nor can I well the boon refuse,
 So thus invoke the sacred Muse.
 Hail ! gentle Clio ! form the verse,
 In numbers musical and terse ;
 Diffuse thy softness o'er each line,
 Friendship and Love, with grace combine !

In

In vain I strive to bring things pat in, a going and a coming,
 And have recourse to French and Latin : ~~small~~ what but
 Yet fear that I at last **must seek**, ~~and a dangerous life~~ **will** be
 A firm ally in ancient Greek. ~~such~~ **nowhere** **but** **in** **that** **place** **is** **it**
 Or grown perhaps quite gay and airy,
 Address bright Oberon the Fairy, ~~had~~ **the** **name** **of** **W**
 To take me in his pigmy train, ~~and~~ **against** **no** **one** **will** **be**
 Of his light shackles proud and vain, ~~it~~ **to** **an** **insensible** **self**
 Reclin'd on bank of Asphodel, ~~upon~~ **the** **bank** **of** **the** **dead**
 Hearing thy note, sweet Philomel ! ~~and~~ **each** **being** **that** **had**
 With dulcet tones enrich my song, ~~and~~ **want** **to** **show** **me**
 For such alone to thee belong. ~~or~~ **means** **from** **love** **to** **you**
 Or sipping of the midnight dew,
 In Acorn cup, or Vi'let blue, ~~in~~ **an** **empty** **cup** **with** **nothing**
 The magic orgies nightly keep, ~~on~~ **the** **table** **and** **not** **in**
 Whilst mortals are absorb'd in sleep. ~~or~~ **of** **which** **I** **had** **but**
 When thus I paus'd — the Muse reply'd,
 " All vain pretenders I deride, ~~up~~ **or** **to** **you** **or** **to** **you**
 " 'Tis not to take a Pen and Ink, ~~in~~ **the** **grave** **and** **bury** **and**
 " And sit thee down intent to think,

" With fine gilt paper, silver standish,
 " And lofty plume with grace to brandish,
 " That will express a thought complete,
 " Or raise it on heroic feet!
 " I should prefer a Garreteer,
 " Who writes with Chalk or dregs of Beer;
 " Whose lines on scraps are badly writ,
 " The remnants of neglected wit.
 " Hear my decree, nor ever write,
 " Unless good-sense the lays indite.
 " In works of fancy spend thy time,
 " Nor ever more attempt to rhyme;
 " The needle thou canst wield with skill,
 " Which time and vapours sure will kill.
 " If thou this edict wilt not brook,
 " And still desire to read a Book,
 " Enough has been already wrote,
 " For thee to copy or to quote."—
 Thus ended her severe discourse,
 Which struck my mind with poignant force:

Yet

Yet summon'd courage to reply,
 Why dost thou spurn me ? tell me why,
 Most cruel Clio ! or refuse,
 To be my patronizing Muse ?
 Didst thou but know, as well as me,
 My Laura's manners kind and free,
 Thou would'st not then reject my suit,
 Or doom me to be ever mute :.
 The mere narration of her worth,
 May well supply my fancy's dearth ;
 The pleasing qualities I find,
 Implanted in her tender mind,
 Ask not the foreign aid of verse,
 Their various merits to rehearse ;
 But wrote in plain and simple prose,
 Will clearly their own worth disclose.
 Thus I thy mandate will obey,
 Nor ever more attempt to lay
 An off'ring at thy golden shrine,
 But Willows round my temples twine.

O D E.

SAY, can that word that's wrote or spoke
 Some tender mark to hit,
 Deserve the pleasing term of joke,
 Or semblance bear of Wit?

When Vice or Folly we detect,
 We licence then may crave,
 To search the wound, the kind effect,
 The patient's life to save.

But when some failing we descry,
 Of no offensive hue,
 We should not gaze with Critics eye,
 Or bring it forth to view.

Each

Each moral virtue of the mind,
Each form of outward grace,
Depriv'd of excellence we find,
If we malignly trace.

THE TÉTÉ À TÉTÉ,

OR FASHIONABLE PAIR:

AN ECOLOGUE.

SIR CHARLES MODISH.

MY dear ! this morning we will take a ride ;
And call on Lord Rupee, and Lady Pride.

LADY

LADY MODISH.

With all my heart ; and bring them home to dine :
I like the scheme, the weather is so fine.
Sir Charles ! now read the news : pray who is dead ?
And see if Lady Jane is brought to bed.

SIR CHARLES.

The last new Tragedy was well receiv'd ;
And Harrison I see is clear repriev'd ;
Good Captain Bluster has obtain'd a Flag ;
I hope he will promote Lieutenant Brag !
Where is my Chocolate ? the toast is cold.
Lord Squander's pictures are, I find, just sold.

LADY MODISH.

Indeed I fear'd his fortune was derang'd ;
Of late his countenancé was vastly chang'd ;
Like a Barometer the face explains,
The fall and rise of our uncertain gains.

SIR

SIR CHARLES.

He was good natur'd, and a well-bred Man,
Yet seem'd surrounded with a dang'rous clan.
To-morrow I'm resolv'd to go to Town,
To settle that affair with Captain Brown.

LADY MODISH.

And leave me quite alone in this dull place !
Whilst you are gone, to see no human face !
This dreary season, gaiety best suits ;
'Tis hard to spend my time with rustic brutes.

SIR CHARLES.

No cause but bus'ness e'er could make me leave
Your Ladyship, whose absence I shall grieve ;
But really our expences are so great,
To keep up the parade of useless state,
'Tis needful for to live a rural life,
Tho' with my inclination oft at strife.

R

My

My Steward plagues me with his loud complaint,
 Enough to tire the patience of a saint,
 With such a catalogue of human ills,
 Repairs, Subscriptions, and long Tradesmen's Bills ;
 The Land-Tax is so high, the Stocks so low,
 And for my credit, 'tis, alas !—so so !
 Tho' hard my lot, I must avoid a worse,
 And e'en consent to put m' Estate to 'nurse.

LADY MODISH.

How cruel is my fate ! how great the fall !
 So large my fortune, yet my jointure small.
 Then my precedence is, alas ! so low,
 That even Citizens before me go.
 A Lady-May'ress, e'en as good as me,
 Tho' her weak husband may retail Bohemia.

SIR CHARLES:

Nay, pray my Lady ! cease to be so loud ;
 Nor of your consequence be yet so proud ;

The

The fortune which you boast, was basely won,
 And by your Father's gains, Lord George undone.
 Women of highest rank so thoughtless live,
 They nought but sorrow, and vexation give ;
 In dissipated scenes, they spend their time,
 Infants in sense, tho' oft in years past prime.

LADY MODISH.

In vain, Sir Charles ! you strive my heart to vex ;
 I will revere and vindicate my sex.
 Deign but to ask, where Female grace is seen,
 I thus reply, in our benignant Queen !
 In her, the Mother, and the Wife, we find,
 Blended with Majesty, and sense refin'd :
 Blest with a Monarch's love, a Nation's praise,
 Her worth transcendent, shall adorn my lays ;
 Not Faction's venom can her pow'r disown,
 Or Slander tarnish her illustrious throne.
 From Royal George, a bright example take,
 As good an Husband, and a Father make,
 And strive like him no ordinance to break.

SIR CHARLES.

Your Ladyship with wond'rous skill and might,
 Brings strong conviction for to act aright :
 Be thou what Charlotte is, and then my heart
 Sure cannot fail to act a George's part.

LADY MODISH.

Pray now, Sir Charles ! explain your present view ;
 And for the Children what will you pursue ?

SIR CHARLES.

As for the Girls I'll send them all to France,
 Where they will learn to chatter French, and dance :
 But if you like it better, or as well,
 I'll have at home, a modern Mad'moiselle.
 The Boys I mean to thrive by Trade or Law ;
 And bring them up with due respect and awe.
 Charles, who I think is something like an Afs,
 May do, perhaps, at Bombay or Madras.

LADY

LADY MODISH.

In Britain bred, in Britain freely born,
 A foreign education hence I scorn.
 Will foreign teachers, English minds expand,
 And paint the beauties of our native land?
 Will they not strive to alienate the Heart,
 And gain new profelytes with labour'd art?
 Will they not deem it heresy to teach
 Minds that have fled from Superstition's reach?
 Knowledge so gain'd, is purchas'd much too dear;
 Such measures I oppose, with heart sincere.
 The Boys, I trust, by industry will rise,
 And all be happy, fortunate, or wise;
 As for poor Charles, I can't endure the plan,
 Tho' rich as Cræsus, or as Kouli Kan;
 I hate a Nabob's great and ill got wealth,
 Bought at th' expence of peace and precious health;
 If they return with treasures vast of gold,
 Conscience upbraids them, nor e'er quits her hold;

The

The poison'd Dagger, and the tainted Bowl,
 Are ever present to the guilty soul :
 Remember Harpax, thy unhappy friend ;
 How splendid was his life !—how sad his end !

SIR CHARLES.

You think too closely ; weigh each point and grain ;
 Which ill accords with more substantial gain.
 As for myself, a Patriot I will turn,
 Yet for my private good with ardour burn ;
 Oppose the minister in all his views,
 And make my fortune in the way I chuse.

LADY MODISH.

Fictitious Patriots are a fix'd disgrace,
 And found too oft but Statesmen out of place ;
 Like Reynard in the Fable, gasp for Pow'r,
 And only yelp because the Grapes are sour.
 For Liberty they roar like idle boys,
 Which they misuse as Children do their toys.

Licentious

Licentious Freedom is the gift they ask,
Which wears, sweet Liberty! thy pleasing mask.

SIR CHARLES.

But, list! I think I hear the Children's noise:
How I am plagued with chatt'ring Girls and Boys!

LADY MODISH.

To you, I must confess their infant sounds,
Are not so pleasing as your Dice or Hounds.
Sir Charles, I wonder you dislike their talk,
Their op'ning reason you oppress and balk.

SIR CHARLES.

The Nursery's best suited to their plays,
I hate the fuss of all their childish ways;
At Meals especially I will be quiet,
And where they are, there is perpetual riot.

LADY

LADY MODISH.

Alas ! you hate the matrimonial life,
 Domestic joys, and e'en your faithful Wife ;
 Your children are a burthen, and your home
 A cheerless place, and melancholy dome.

SIR CHARLES.

I never will forego the joys of life,
 To please a haughty or capricious Wife.
 The man who lets a thoughtless woman rule ;
 Must needs be deem'd a most egregious fool.
 My future prospects I resign to chance,
 And for the present will retire to France :
 The remedy you'll gain in legal course,
 A sep'reate stipend, or a kind Divorce.

To

TO MRS. —

IF Knowledge, Piety, and Truth, combin'd
 In one intelligent and active mind,
 Deserve our praise, the tribute must be thine,
 In whom collected, all these virtues shine.
 Thy clear discernment and pervading soul,
 Sees not in part, but comprehends the whole.
 Wisdom to thee her treasures did impart,
 Improv'd and soften'd thy diffusive heart.
 Blest with thy friendship may it ne'er expire,
 Still cheer my heart, and gratitude inspire;
 By thy example fir'd, teach me to run,
 The paths of Virtue, those of Vice to shun !

A N H Y M N.

Y E Seraphs wrapt in holy fires,
Who wing th' ethereal sky,
Singing to Harps divinely strung,
" Glory to God on high!"

Blest Spirits who surround his throne,
The grateful tribute pay ;
By adoration most sublime,
His sacred will obey.

My soul, awake ! to Heav'n aspire,
Chaunt thy Creator's praise ;
Be warn'd with energy divine,
And trace his holy ways.

No hecatombs of victims slain,
 Or incense he desires ;
 An heart devoted, free from stain,
 Is all his love requires.

Then yield the pure oblation-due,
 With gratitude sincere ;
 Present thyself with modest hope,
 Unaw'd by servile fear.

Can Men this tribute dare deny,
 This off'ring cease to give ?
 When 'tis alone in God they breathe,
 In him they move, and live !

To him who fills the boundless space,
 With holy rev'rence bend ;
 The great dispenser of thy fate,
 Protector, Source, and End !

The following Lines were addressed to an amiable Young
Lady, to lament being deprived of her Society and Cor-
respondence ; though a mutual regard still subsists.

THY dear remembrance never can depart,
Nor time or absence tear it from my heart ;
Vain is that Friendship, and debas'd the mind,
Which ties of gratitude can never bind.
Hail ! Gratitude divine ! of heav'nly birth !
Why art thou found a fugitive on earth ?
Where is thy dwelling ? Art thou doom'd to roam
From Pole to Pole, yet find no friendly dome ?
Ill-fated maid ! thy votaries withdraw,
Deny allegiance to thy sacred law.
Thy spotless altars few oblations grace,
Thy favours, wrote on sand, the winds efface.

Deign

Deign but to hear thy modest suppliant's pray'r,
 Let her thy filken bands for ever wear !
 Blossoms of Friendship if they kindly shoot,
 Expand and ripen to delicious fruit.
 Alas, Amanda ! those which sprang of late
 In our soft hearts, were patroniz'd by Fate ;
 The soil was fruitful, and the culture fair ;
 No weeds or wild exotics did it bear :
 Like a Parterre of which gay May is Queen,
 With flow'rs of innocence was ever seen.
 Child of the Spring ! and Summer's darling Pride !
 Faded in Autumn, and in Winter died !*
 When Sol's bright beams withdrew their clearing ray,
 No more our hearts in unison were gay.
 Oh ! may he give our joys a second birth,
 Of growth celestial, tho' consign'd to Earth.
 In bloom perennial, let the fragrance rise,
 And yield sweet incense to its native skies.

* Alluding to the short duration of the Author's enjoying the society of her friend, which lasted little more than a year.

Oh !

Oh ! may Hygeia bless thee but with health,
A gift superior to the greatest wealth !
Dispense her favours with a lib'ral hand,
Grant the diffusive blessing to expand
Its bright effulgence o'er thy tender frame,
Supply the vital Lamp with lambent flame !
If sweet tranquility thy life attend,
Thy virtue will secure a peaceful end.
Why, dear Amanda ! should these artless lays,
Aim to delineate thy deserved praise ?
Take all that Love and Friendship can impart ;
The rest I leave to sympathy of heart :
Read in thine own, the transcript found in mine,
No other comment — need they to refine !

E P I T A P H

ON MISS JENKS,

Who Died Dec. 28, 1778.

BLEST Spirit ! thou art fled to realms of Peace,
 Where grief subsides, and apprehensions cease.
 Why then are we sad images of pain,
 When thy reward, is everlasting gain ?
 May we the like acceptance duly find,
 Look forward to the goal, and be resign'd !
 Friendship affords the tributary sigh,
 The heart oppressed, and the streaming eye ;
 Yet thou no more canst pity e'er create,
 Rais'd to a blissful and immortal state.
 Hail, sacred Truth ! these artless lays inspire,
 With holy dictates and celestial fire ;

Let

Let them with energy, her gifts rehearse,
Whose excellence transcends the bounds of verse.
Record the feelings of her tender heart,
Which to her friends did sympathy impart ;
Fix'd in her principles, yet not severe ;
In thought sublime, and comprehension clear :
By her was Charity with grace bestow'd,
As from her breast the balm of pity flow'd.
With unaffected ease her ample soul,
Dispens'd Philanthropy from Pole to Pole.
The path of life with steady pace she trod,
Follow'd her Saviour, and relied on God :
The mercy which she sought, most freely gave,
Died with submission, yet defied the Grave.
Bright Luminary ! now thy beams display
With pure effulgence in eternal day ;
There may thy lustre undiminish'd shine,
Chang'd from a mortal, to a state Divine !

ON FRIENDSHIP,

Addressed to the AUTHOR'S SISTER.

BEHOLD, dear Sarah! in these tuneful lays,
 The Fruit of Friendship's unsuspected praise ;
 Friendship which cheers and animates the heart,
 Acting in ev'ry scene, the faithful part.
 Unlike the spurious and fictitious kind,
 Which blinds the judgment, and corrupts the mind ;
 Which prompts the heart reluctantly to feel,
 Woes which fell misery, and want reveal.
 Friendship unfeigned to latest times will last,
 Tho' wintry storms the flatt'ring prospects blast.
 The human mind, with sense of pity wrought,
 Yields to the force of sympathetic thought :
 Form'd of a texture which no eye can trace,
 Folly and guilt its brightness oft efface :
 Apt to receive impressions, not retain,
 Those which review'd, cause fear and endless pain.

Like notes of Music bending to the touch,
Produce harsh discord if they're press'd too much;
Yet if the whole in full accordance join,
The mental harmony is then divine.
To Friendship's heights with emulation soar,
Virtue supreme, with anxious care explore;
Disdain the dictates which contract the soul,
Repress its feelings, or its pow'r's controll.
'Tis Dissipation, which eludes the sight,
By tinsel trappings, and delusive light;
Say, dearest Sister! if delights like these,
Beyond the present moment serve to please?
Alas! how transitory proves the stay,
Their short existence scarce survives a day!
Far better are the wise and prudent few,
Who to Eternity extend their view;
Who cautious tread, and shun the tempting snare,
Unmov'd by Folly, and terrestrial care;
Be this the principle to guide thy heart,
The rule unerring, Heaven-directed art!

May'st thou in Life's progressive fleeting stage,
 In Youth be cheerful, and resign'd in Age ;
 As years encrease, let worldly cares decline,
 And competence and peace be ever thine,
 To warm thy heart, and ev'ry wish refine.
 If worth exalted can these gifts ensure ;
 Long, very long, thy blessings wilt endure.

O N F E A R.

A VAUNT, vain Fear ! thou Phantom of the mind,
 Stranger to inward peace, to reason blind ;
 Thou Ignis Fatuus, which misleads the sense ;
 Against thy inroads where is the defence ?
 The Shield of Faith can best defy thy sway,
 Ward off thy blows, and thy sharp stings allay.

Thou coward passion, of ignoble birth,
 Whose utmost limits are confin'd to Earth,
 In Heav'n, I trust, thy lawless pow'r wilt cease,
 Th' abode of Angels, Harmony, and Peace !

E L E G Y,

Addressed to a GENTLEMAN on the Death of his Wife.

ORLANDO, cease to murmur at thy fate,
 Suppress the heaving and afflictive sigh;
 Forbear to mourn for dear Eliza's death,
 'Tis of mortality, the lot to die !

Say, did not ev'ry grace adorn her mind?
 Say, did not Reason at her call attend?
 In her was painted Innocence and Truth;
 The tender Partner, and the faithful Friend.

Was

Was worth like this to be on Earth confin'd?

Was it not fetter'd when enshrin'd in Dust?

Tho' far sequester'd from each vain pursuit,

And uncorrupted by terrestrial rust.

Cease to repine: no more be thou absorb'd,

In agitations of distressful grief:

Can Friendship, and religious faith combin'd,

Afford no comfort, or dispense relief?

Life is a journey, and our destin'd race;

Its utmost limits are confin'd to age;

Yet oft 'tis compass'd in the prime of Youth,

A rapid, suff'ring, transitory stage.

Such was Eliza's fate—whose polish'd form

Was deck'd with elegant luxuriant grace;

Expressive symbol of an Angel's mind,

Beaming with Virtue in her beauteous face..

Not e'en thy tenderness could e'er assuage
 The cruel efforts of her fell disease;
 The wish denied, the blessing yet was lent,
 To shew compassion and attentive care.

That task perform'd, there's nought remains for thee
 But acquiescence to thy Maker's will;
 He gave, and had a right to take away,
 His mystic purpose clearly to fulfil.

Could'st thou arrest the pow'ful Arm of Death?
 One hour protract Eliza's fragrant bloom?
 Or animate the scarce surviving plant?
 Or grant a respite from the awful Tomb?

'Twas not ordain'd by Providence divine
 That she in this ensnaring World should live;
 Resign her, therefore, with a Christian's trust,
 To those blest joys Eternity will give.

Behold

Behold the pledge of thy connubial love,
The op'ning beauties of her infant mind;
In her, Eliza may survive again,
And thou delight and consolation find.

May she with filial love reward thy care,
May ev'ry blossom prove a source of joy;
May no rude storms, or unrelenting blight,
The flatt'ring prospect cruelly destroy.

From her, sincere affection thou may'st claim,
As thy Eliza died to yield her Birth;
For such a sacrifice, how much she owes,
Which pluck'd from thee the fairest Flow'r on Earth!

On the Birth of our BLESSED SAVIOUR.

YE choir Angelic, hail the glorious Morn,
 In which a Saviour, full of grace was born !
 Ye raptur'd Seraphs, hallelujahs sing ;
 In choral symphonies, extol thy King.
 All nature join to celebrate his fame,
 And the glad tidings to the Earth proclaim.
 Ye holy Prophets, who his birth foretold ;
 Your true predictions we with joy behold !
 Ye Ministers of Grace, perform his will ;
 In thought and deed his blessed word fulfil !
 The Saviour of the World was not array'd
 With majesty of pomp, and vain parade ;
 In sweet humility he came attir'd,
 In pity to our sins, with grief inspir'd.
 Kind Mediator, Advocate divine ;
 Whose life and precepts were alike benign !

Shall

Shall thy Disciples e'er in malice live ;
 Obtain forgiveness, and yet not forgive ?
 Ye Worldlings, wiser than the Sons of Light,
 Say, whence your happiness, and false delight ?
 Extend your views, in stedfast hope array'd ;
 Nor yield the substance, for an empty shade :
 The Day-spring from on high, with lustre bright,
 Now cheers the World with his effulgent light !
 The saving health, and hope of human kind ;
 Sweet balm of comfort to the troubled mind ;
 The heavy-laden, hence obtain due rest ;
 The meek are comforted, the mourner blest ;
 The thirsty soul finds mild refreshing streams ;
 And e'en the blind enlighten'd by his beams ;
 The deaf attend, with love and wonder gaze ;
 The dumb break forth to sing his mighty praise ;
 At his approach pale miseries decrease ;
 The bond of happiness, and source of peace :
 A Lamb immaculate, tho' doom'd to bleed,
 Whose blood redeem'd us, and whose bondage freed.

U

By

By zeal inspir'd, I meditate his praise,
To highest pitch my feeble accents raise ;
In sounds Seraphic may I catch the flame,
Invoke my Saviour, and his pow'r proclaim.
All hail Redeemer, hail Almighty King,
To whom the Mountains dance, the Valleys sing !
Thou great Messiah ! we are nought but dust,
Tho' heirs with thee, in Kingdoms of the Just.
Celestial Pow'r, of Righteousness the Sun !
On Earth, as 'tis in Heav'n, thy will be done.
Kings of the Earth shall bend the willing knee,
And mighty Potentates submit to Thee.
What is their pomp, and triumph of a day,
To thy dominions, which will ne'er decay ?
Their pow'r expires, where thine did but begin ;
For 'twas by Death thou vanquish'd pain and sin.
Thou Shepherd of our souls, the holy Rock
On whom we rest, receive thy erring Flock ;
Oh ! gather to thyself the straying fold,
For which thy Life by treachery was sold :

A ransom

A ransom great, a sacrifice immense,
But not unequal to the great offence !
Who else but thee, could expiate or atone
For our transgressions ? 'twas in thee alone !
Exempt from Sin, thou art the Paschal Lamb,
Issu'd immediate from the great I AM ;
Who thus address'd thee on the wond'ring Earth,
" Thou art my Son, this Day I gave thee Birth !"

F I N I S.

